

The Critic

Published Weekly, at 743 Broadway, New York, by

THE CRITIC COMPANY

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.
NEW YORK, AUGUST 24, 1889.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY general agents. Single copies sold, and subscriptions taken, at *The Critic* office, No. 743 Broadway. Also, by Charles Scribner's Sons, G. P. Putnam's Sons, Brentano's, and the principal newsdealers in the city. Boston: Damrell & Upham (Old Corner Book-store). Philadelphia: John Wanamaker. Chicago: Brentano's. New Orleans: George F. Wharton, 5 Carondelet Street. San Francisco: J. W. Roberts & Co., 10 Post Street. London: B. F. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Square. Paris: Galimani's, 224 Rue de Rivoli, and Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opéra. Rome: Office of Nuova Antologia.

Literature

The Ice Age, and the Antiquity of Man.*

SINCE LYELL's famous book on 'The Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man' startled the reading world, a peculiar interest has attached to the study of that remarkable epoch known as the Glacial Era, which immediately preceded our own age. Recent discoveries have strengthened this interest, both by enhancing the importance of that era, and by showing that many of Lyell's conclusions respecting it were incorrect. The term of more than thirty thousand years, to which he referred back its date, has been reduced to less than a third, probably less than a fourth, of that period. In fact, the 'Great Ice Age' has come to seem a quite modern affair, and almost a part of the history of our times. Its relics still linger, on no small scale, in Greenland, Alaska, and other still nearer regions. Its results surround us everywhere, in the configuration of our shores, mountains, plains, and lakes, the courses of our rivers, the fertility of our soil, the distribution of plants and animals, the picturesque beauty of our country, and its habitable convenience and healthfulness.

The special study which Dr. Wright has made of this era, the peculiar facilities which he has enjoyed as an assistant in the United States' Geological Survey, and the habit of clear exposition which a professor in a seminary like that of Oberlin naturally acquires, have enabled him to produce a work worthy of the importance and interest of his subject. It is not always, or indeed often, that a work of pure science can be made both instructive and attractive to readers not familiar with the principles of the science involved. In this instance, however, the subject naturally lends itself to what may be styled a popular treatment; and the author has aided his explanations by a profusion of maps and pictures, the latter mostly photographic, which render his descriptions and the consequent inferences plain to any reader of ordinary intelligence.

A large part of the volume is made up of extracts from published writings of the author's predecessors and contemporaries. This method, which is apt to give a scrappy and uninviting character to a book, has in this case a different effect. Dr. Wright is himself a pleasing writer, and has the tact for discerning good composition. The extracts are generally derived from the works of well-known masters of scientific description, including Lyell, Dana, Geikie, Asa Gray, Leconte, J. D. Whitney, Abbott, Clarence King, and others of like standing. They serve to give an agreeable variety to the pages, as well as a weight of authority to the opinions pronounced. The work, however, is by no means a mere compilation. A considerable portion of it is occupied by the author's own observations, which have been of an important character. He has personally traced the terminal moraine, which defines the southern border of the ice-sheet, across the greater part of the continent; he spent a month in examining the great 'Muir Glacier' in Alaska,

with scientific results of much value; and he was the first to point out the evidences of the former existence of a vast lake, now known in glacial geology as 'Lake Ohio,' which at the close of the Ice Age occupied a large portion of the Ohio Valley.

It is evident that the inducement which has specially attracted the author's attention to the subject of his work has been the supposed connection of the Glacial Era with the first appearance of man on the globe. It was natural that when, some twenty years ago, the data on which Lyell had based his opinion of the antiquity of the Ice Age were found to be erroneous, a student who was at once a theologian and a lover of science should have seen with pleasure the opportunity of reasserting, by this new evidence, the correctness of the commonly received Scriptural chronology. It must certainly be deemed highly creditable to the author's impartial devotion to truth, that researches commenced apparently with this object should have resulted in the admission that the latest authentic evidence places the existence (and possibly not the earliest existence) of man in North America 'some thousands of years earlier' than the later stages of the Ice Age, and consequently far earlier than would consist with the assumed Biblical date.

But well warranted as the admission seems if we are guided solely by the testimony of geological science, it may be doubted whether the author has followed with sufficient care the progress of another science which is concerned in the question—that of anthropology. The evidence of this early existence of man is founded mainly on the discovery, in strata long anterior to the Trenton gravels, of some of those palæolithic objects known as 'drift implements.' This drift implement—for there is but one sort—is the rudest of manufactured tools. It is simply a large ovate pebble or fragment of stone, chipped along the sides to a rough edge, and evidently intended to be grasped by one end, and used in pounding, or, in a very rude way, for cutting. Wherever it is found, whether in France, England, Asia Minor, India, Egypt, South Africa or North America, it is always substantially the same in shape, though sometimes differing in material,—that is, in the kind of stone. It bears every mark which a work of instinct, as distinguished from that of reason, can bear. That careful and discerning observer, Sir Daniel Wilson, long ago pointed out, in his 'Prehistoric Man,' the fact that 'no such clumsy unshapeliness characterizes the stone implements of the most degraded savage races'; and he considers that this fact 'seems to point to some unexplained difference' between the makers of the earlier and later tools. More recently, the most eminent of French archæologists, Prof. G. de Mortillet, in his well-known work, 'Le Préhistorique,' explains the probable nature of this difference. The makers of the drift implements had not, in his opinion, the human faculty of speech,—an opinion for which he gives some special grounds. The highest authority on the subject in America, Dr. C. C. Abbott, who brought to light the drift implements in the Trenton gravel, has, in the latest volume of the Proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, drawn attention to this view. Its importance cannot be questioned. A race of 'speechless men'—that is, of creatures lacking the cerebral faculty of language—would not belong to the existing human species. They would be anthropoid animals, and not reasoning men.

If to the foregoing facts we add the opinion of Prof. Boyd Dawkins, who has investigated the subject with great care, that the race of the makers of these drift implements is 'as completely extinct as the woolly rhinoceros or the cave bear,' we have ample authority for the conclusion that the whole period of the existence of this brutish species may be dismissed from our computation of the 'antiquity of man.' This antiquity will then be reduced to a period less remote than the close of the Glacial Era—that is, less than eight thousand years ago. And it may be added that all the historical data tend to confirm this conclusion. Attempts to

* The Ice Age in North America, and its Bearings upon the Antiquity of Man. By G. Frederick Wright. \$5. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

force the Scriptures and science into harmony have led to many absurdities. On the other hand, an unwillingness to accept an independent demonstration of science because it accords with a point of the Biblical tradition would manifest an unreasonable prejudice, to which Dr. Wright would certainly be the last to yield.

"Lord Chesterfield's Letters"*

LORD CHESTERFIELD is remembered for two things: his letters to his illegitimate son, and his unfortunate relations with Dr. Johnson. It was to Chesterfield that the Great Cham of Literature addressed that memorable definition of a Patron which has become one of the classics of English speech: 'Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help?' And doubtless my lord's indifference to the Doctor's labors at a time when the latter was 'struggling for life in the water' had much to do with that other definition or description with which the world is almost equally familiar—the characterization of these Letters as a book that 'taught the morals of a courtesan and the manners of a dancing-master.'

An epigram is easily carried in the head, and many a man has echoed this dictum of Dr. Johnson's without taking the trouble to determine for himself whether or no it was merited. Yet it cannot be denied that a careful reading is apt to confirm the unfavorable impression conveyed by the Doctor's criticism. The father is playing the part of Mentor to his son. When the boy is sixteen, he writes to him: 'Seduced by fashion, and blindly adopting nominal pleasures, I lost real ones; and my fortune impaired, and my constitution shattered, are, I must confess, the just punishment of my errors. Take warning, then, by them; * * * weigh the present enjoyment of your pleasures against the necessary consequences of them, and let your own common sense determine your choice.' When the little fellow was but eight years old, his father advised him to read history, as animating and exciting us to 'the love and the practice of virtue.' At the age of ten he is told that 'the strictest and most scrupulous honor and virtue can alone make you esteemed and valued by mankind.'

But virtue for virtue's sake is not an article of the writer's faith. Nowhere is it inculcated in these Epistles to Philip. 'The rewards that always crown virtue' are pointed out. It may be contended that you can best make a lad virtuous by convincing him that virtue is always rewarded; but what we are after is not so much the effect as the tone and tenor of Lord Chesterfield's teachings. And surely he is as much concerned for the shows of things as ever our friend Col. Sellers was. 'I find that what we need,' says the ingenuous Colonel, when the door of the stove falls out and reveals the candle that has shed a ruddy glow through the circle of izing-glass windows,—'that what we need is not heat, but the appearance of heat.' 'I have seldom or never written to you upon the subject of Religion and Morality,' writes Lord Chesterfield: 'your own reason, I am persuaded, has given you true notions of both; they speak best for themselves; but, if they wanted assistance, you have Mr. Harte [the lad's tutor] at hand, both for precept and example: to your own reason, therefore, and to Mr. Harte, shall I refer you, for the Reality of both, and confine myself, in this letter, to the decency, the utility, and the necessity of scrupulously preserving the appearances of both.' The italics are ours.

Perhaps it was just as well that a man like Mr. Harte should have been left to supplement what 'Religion and Morality' said for themselves; perhaps it would have been better for Lord Chesterfield to be silent on the subject, even if that worthy gentleman had not been present to play the father's part. The spectacle of a man of Lord Chesterfield's character, which presumably was not unknown to the son,

setting himself up as a preacher of religion and morality on purely spiritual grounds, could hardly have been an edifying one, and the author of these Letters had too keen a sense of the fitness of things not to see it. Yet notwithstanding the civil doffing of his hat whenever Religion and Morality are mentioned—and his use of capitals in spelling their names bears eloquent testimony to the respect in which he held these well-established institutions,—notwithstanding the outward homage paid to Truth, there can be no doubt that my Lord cared considerably more for conformity to the letter than to the spirit of the moral law. Be virtuous and you will be respected; appear to be an orthodox believer in religious matters and you will win the suffrages of a very large, a very respectable, and a very influential class of rate-payers. It can do you no harm to believe as a majority of your countrymen do, so long as you do not go to extremes, and become a zealot or sectarian; and even if you do not believe as others do, don't let any one know it. 'A wise Atheist (if such a thing there is) would, for his own interest, and character in this world, pretend to some religion.' (Even the Atheist, it will be seen, receives the compliment of a capital: there are always atheists among us, and some of them may be 'wise' and therefore of consequence in the world; should this letter fall into their hands, they will see that the writer does not speak of them with contempt.) 'Your moral character must be not only pure, but, like Caesar's wife, unsuspected. The least speck or blemish upon it is fatal. Nothing degrades or vilifies more, for it excites and unites detestation and contempt.' So much for the morality of the book.

The Letters as a whole do more than outline a scheme of education: they supply even the details. And it cannot be denied that Lord Chesterfield insists upon the advantages of a well-trained and well-stored mind quite as emphatically as he recommends 'sacrificing to the Graces'; or if he lays a little more stress upon the importance of a graceful and polished exterior, is it not fair to assume that he does so, not on general principles, but because he has reason to believe that such insistence is needed in the case of the son to whose private eye these letters are addressed? All reports from the boy's tutor assure him that he is making excellent progress in his studies, and bids fair to ripen into a learned and cultivated man. At the same time it appears that he is indifferent in his dress and inelegant in his demeanor. The father knows—no one better—how hard it is for even the greatest merit to rise at a court and in a profession (that of diplomacy) where address and polish count for at least as much, if not more, than natural ability; and he is solicitous that the lack of a quality which any one may acquire shall not clog the footsteps of one already handicapped by the bar sinister. 'I hardly know anything so difficult to attain, or so necessary to possess, as perfect good breeding which is equally inconsistent with a stiff formality, an impertinent forwardness, and an awkward bashfulness.' It 'does not consist in low bows and formal ceremony; but in an easy, civil, and respectable behavior.'

Had Philip Stanhope been by nature graceful in his bearing and neat in his deportment and dress, there can be no doubt that his father would have urged greater devotion to his studies had he been deficient in that direction, or that his attention would have been directed oftener to questions of morality if he had shown a disposition to debauchery. The Letters are not addressed to young men generally: they were written to a definite person, and designed to meet his eye only; and considering his character and qualifications, there can be little doubt that they were admirably calculated to produce the effect the writer had in view. When undue insistence is laid upon his cultivating people whose favor may help him to rise, it must be remembered that Philip Stanhope was not his father's heir, but had his name and fortune to make by his own exertions. The tone of the letters would have been more offensive to the general reader had they been addressed to one who was to be the Earl of Chesterfield.

* Lord Chesterfield's Letters. Selected by Charles Sayle. 40 cts. (Camelot Series.) New York: Thos. Whitaker.

"Studies in the South and West" *

ONE REALLY must keep himself informed about the country he lives in and of which he is a part. Yet we cannot in conscience recommend to the average busy breadwinner the systematic study of atlases, geographies and gazetteers and columns of statistics. Happily for us, there are travellers who have eyes for seeing, tongues for asking questions, years that have brought the philosophic mind, and pens which can prepare for us the knowledge we need. One can enjoy dainty meals thrice daily, though Washington Market might appall by its abundance.

Our literary cook (not a 'Cook's tourist'!) whom we nominate worthy to serve the great American sovereign—the individual voter—is Mr. Charles Dudley Warner. He has gone, seen, conquered for us. He has reduced whole encyclopædias and long columns in yesterday's paper to pulp, and after talking with an endless variety of characters on the spot, has given us 'the pith of the palaver.' The pulp and pith aforesaid have been further transmuted into a toothsome literary feast. Served under hand-ome covers, on the elegant service of paper and print of Harpers', we can now partake delightedly of the nutriment we need. We are taken into the tobacco and cotton belts in 1885, twenty years after the War, and are introduced to the society of the New South; and we confess we like it. We walk through New Orleans, a relic of the old French empire in America, yet full of Yankee ideas; and 'a voodoo dance' reveals the inner nature of the generation third or fourth from interior Africa.

Again we revisit the South in 1887, and roam thence into Minnesota and Wisconsin, where French names still abound. In conformity to the dignity of the subject, we are treated to two chapters on Chicago. The leading cities of the States bordering the Ohio are then described, and we behold the magic work of civilization in St. Louis and Kansas City. At the history and present condition of Kentucky we glance, and find here especially the author's brilliant powers of generalization. In comment on Canada, we read not of the romantic land of Dollier and La Salle, but of the subjects of Victoria busy with the problems of the age of electricity and free schools. To have read this book is in itself a liberal education, and to young people's reading-clubs especially we commend it. The brilliant author has hurt his work by leaving out an index. Was modesty, or laziness, or haste the cause? Ephemeral as such writing must be in our country of quick growth, it is a superb picture Mr. Warner has given us, and many a detail would be recalled and made doubly useful, if an index were furnished for ready grip.

New Sermons from Plymouth Pulpit †

'SIGNS OF PROMISE' is the fit title of the first volume of sermons preached in Plymouth pulpit since its greatest occupant passed from earth. By all logic and intellectual inheritance, that pulpit is now worthily filled by one who certainly is, and proudly professes himself to be, a spiritual child of Henry Ward Beecher. These sermons of Dr. Lyman Abbott are well-named because the utterances are those of a prophet. They are not the authoritative decisions of the priest who holds fast to the letter of the oracle, or whose mission is to keep in view the fact, the thing done. They are the utterances of the man who looks for the truth, which was, and is, and is to be. The Plymouth preacher of today shows us that God is, and not merely that he was. His words thrill with the currents of hope born of a survey of the past and making contact with the unseen future. He seems to have no fear of discussion, nor of treading in any path of promise. The abandon—not of frivolity but of intense earnestness—that characterized his spiritual father

belongs also to the son. As boldly as the Magi followed the star, this preacher follows the light, and the light is great because he seeks it.

Without Mr. Beecher's amazing wealth of illustration, Dr. Abbott seems to have equal spiritual fervor, insight and directness. Of the eighteen sermons, it is hard to say which is best, for all are rich and suggestive. The first two bring before us again the great leader whose mantle the preacher wears. 'Grapes of Gall' is the label which is placed on the materialistic philosophy. 'Salvation by Growth' and 'Salvation by Grace' form a masterly pair of correlated discourses. 'What is the Bible?' and 'Does God's Mercy Endure Forever?' will most shake the nerves of those whose spiritual culture has filtered to them through the mediæval and reformed symbols; but all of these sermons are strong, helpful and suggestive, and reveal the true prophet. They will make men for the times, and the kind of men that all ages have needed and will need. They are the kind of discourses that ought to be heard oftener in pulpit and college chapel, in country and city, by young and by old. The English of the vocabulary, and the literary style, are of the best sort for unwritten sermons—that is, for preaching in its true sense.

Contributions to American Educational History *

SOME TIME since the Bureau of Education undertook to procure a series of works on the history of education in the various States of the Union, the different topics being assigned to writers supposed to be specially qualified for their task. The editorship of the whole was entrusted to Prof. Herbert B. Adams of Johns Hopkins University, who prepared the first two numbers, dealing with special topics, himself. Numbers three to seven, which lie upon our table, give the history of education in the Carolinas, Georgia and Florida, and the history of higher education in Wisconsin. The author in each case is a native of the State whose educational history he records, Charles Lee Smith dealing with North Carolina, Colyer Meriwether with South Carolina, Charles E. Jones with Georgia, and George Cary Bush with Florida. The account of higher education in Wisconsin is by Profs. Wm. F. Allen and David E. Spencer of the University of Wisconsin, and is the first of a series treating exclusively of higher education in the States of the Northwest. It seems unfortunate that the first States dealt with should be those of the South; for our educational systems, both higher and lower, had their origin in the North, and chiefly in Massachusetts and Connecticut, while the South and the West have been in the main mere imitators. Hence, in beginning the study of American education with the Carolinas and Georgia, we seem to be reading history backwards. As for the monographs now before us, they have the merits—and, it must be added, the defects—of some other works that have proceeded from Johns Hopkins University. They give evidence of care and industry in the collection of facts, and present a considerable amount of useful information; but they are wholly lacking in the literary quality, and in the interest which that quality imparts. As regards matter, they deal mainly with collegiate and academic education, the public schools being rather slightly treated, but then there were no public schools in the South worthy of the name until the past twenty years, so that the slight attention given them is perhaps excusable. The higher education was somewhat better provided for, but in the main the educational record of the South is not creditable to her people. However, a great change has taken place since the War, as these pamphlets plainly show, and so far as public schools are concerned progress in the States dealt with is as rapid as could be expected. Of the institutions for higher education whose history is here related, the most important are the Universities of North Carolina, Georgia and Wisconsin, and the South Carolina College, all of them state insti-

* Studies in the South and West, with Comments on Canada. By Charles Dudley Warner. \$1.75. New York: Harper & Bros.

† Signs of Promise. By Lyman Abbott. \$1.50. New York: Fords, Howard & Hubert.

* Contributions to American Educational History. Edited by Herbert B. Adams. Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. Washington: Bureau of Education.

tutions. Their history has some points of interest as showing the difficulties, financial, political and otherwise, with which in their early years they had to contend, and also the zeal of educational reformers in overcoming them. There is, however, a certain monotony in their history, all of them seeming to pass through essentially the same stages, and developing into schools of a similar character. We shall not, therefore, particularize any one college or system of schools, but refer our readers for this purpose to the different monographs themselves. The series as a whole, when completed, will be a valuable repository of information respecting education in America.

Text-Books of the Classics*

IN HIS 'SCHOOL ILLIAD, Books I.-IV.' (1), Prof. Seymour presents us with an excellent text-book. An extended introduction, based upon his 'Introduction to the Language and Verse of Homer,' gives just enough information regarding both the literary and philological aspect of the poem to prepare the student for the text. The notes as a whole are an improvement on those of the editor's volume in the 'College Series of Greek Authors,' and well adapted to remove the difficulties of a beginner, as well as to lead to an appreciation of the poem as poetry. A good vocabulary, which is also published separately, closes the volume.

Quite in contrast with the book just mentioned is Perrin's 'Odyssey, I.-IV.' (2), which presents the unhappy spectacle of a great poem edited apparently without the least spark of poetic enthusiasm. Prof. Perrin bases his edition on that of Ameis and Hentze, which he 'has freely adapted to what he believes to be the requirements of American College classes.' There is no introduction to put the student *en rapport* with the masterpiece he is to study; but from the critical notes, given in an extended appendix, we soon learn that the editor is a disciple of the so-called 'higher criticism.' Starting with the assumption that the Odyssey is a compilation, of so loose a structure that the original fragments can to a great extent be discerned and set off, the editor naturally magnifies the inconsistencies of the poem, and in the exercise of the critical faculty fails to give scope to the poetic. He has much to say of 'stock epic material,' 'formulae,' and 'formulaic verses,' but not a word of the bold conception, matchless beauty and majestic movement of the poem. The relation of the Odyssean myths to the world of folk-lore and the survival of some of them in Sicilian and Eastern tales have apparently never attracted his attention. The depressing effect of the explanatory notes may be illustrated by the note on 3495, the lines: 'And they came to the wheat-bearing plain, thenceforth they reached the end of their way; for thus did the swift horses bear them on.' On this the editor remarks: 'A poetical journey, levelling a mountain range. In reality the road was passable only for foot-passengers and beasts of burden. The poet could not have been acquainted with the geography of the region.' As if a poet might never dare to leave the domain of cold, exact, matter-of-fact statement! The examination of a literary masterpiece as an intricate puzzle may afford a kind of scientific interest to scholars, but such is not the ideal of classical culture to set before young minds ready to drink in whatever is best and most inspiring in the ancient thought.

An edition of Plato's 'Protagoras' for college classes has long been needed. It is to be hoped that some one of the American specialists in Plato will ere long put forth a commentary of indigenous growth on this dialogue. In the meantime, Mr. Towle's adaptation of Sauppe's edition (3) will do very well for class-room use. A book like Kellogg's 'Brutus' (4) inspires confidence in the new and progressive American Latin scholarship. It not only illustrates the commendable tendency to select, for college reading, works outside of the old beaten track, but also shows a hopeful independence of tone and adaptation to the purpose intended. We have no thought to depreciate the invaluable services of the Germans to classical scholarship; but it is high time that American scholars freed themselves from German text-book models and traditions, and worked out their own ideas in their own way. Prof. Kellogg has rightly interpreted the 'Brutus' as holding a place midway between the 'De Oratore' and the 'Orator,' forming with them 'a complete account of the theory and practice of oratory among the Romans to the middle of the first century B.C.' The introduction is clear and comprehensive. The notes are sensible and helpful, without display of needless erudition.

* 1. First Three Books of Homer's Iliad. Ed. by T. D. Seymour. 2. Homer's Odyssey: Books I.-IV. Ed. by B. Perrin. 3. Plato's Protagoras. With the Commentary of H. Sauppe. Tr. by J. A. Towle. 4. M. Tullii Ciceronis Brutus de Claris Oratoribus. Ed. by Martin Kellogg. 5. Practical Latin Composition. By W. C. Collas. 6. A Latin-English Dictionary. By C. G. Gepp and A. E. Haigh. Boston: Ginn & Co.

All the objections urged by the author of 'Practical Latin Composition' (5) against the current methods of teaching this subject unfortunately have some basis in fact. Nothing could be more idle than the attempt to enable students to compose Latin fluently with the use of mere detached sentences. If the aim of Latin prose work is to make the pupil able to do this, the present system must be condemned as a failure. If, however, Latin prose is pursued with no such aim in view, but merely as a drill in construction, fixing the principles of syntax by application, a good deal may still be said in favor of the methods commonly used. As a remedy for the evils he mentions, Mr. Collas proposes a return to the system of that greatest of English schoolmasters, Ascham. This is, in brief, the thorough mastery of pieces of connected Latin, the rendering of these into English, then the rendering back into Latin both orally and in writing. Mr. Collas's book endeavors to work out this system in its application to the prose work of our schools. It is attractive in appearance, and will no doubt receive a fair trial at the hands of teachers. It should not be forgotten, however, that the time allotted to the study of Latin in our schools is relatively so small when compared with the English requirements of Ascham's time, that serious difficulty may be experienced in accomplishing the desired results.

The design and scope of Gepp and Haigh's 'Latin-English Dictionary' (6) are worthy of all praise. A work of this sort, small in compass and brought down to date in its scholarship, is sorely needed by college students. Though the book before us has several good points, it is printed in type so minute and trying to the eyes that it cannot be recommended for use. That a work intended for constant and convenient reference should be provided with a typographical dress so ruinous to the sight, in these days of artistic book-making and advanced optics, is inexplicable.

Minor Notices of Educational Books

NEVER BEFORE were so many well-edited English and American masterpieces of literature available for school use—a gratifying fact due to patient and persistent effort all along the educational line and not merely to any natural demand. The best teachers and students of English insist that it shall not be crowded out by the classics, science, or French and German; and their proper persistency is recognized by our leading schools, colleges, and publishers, and in time will convince even Oxford and Cambridge that Shakspeare is a meritorious versifier, worth a little attention. Meanwhile native East Indian students in Allahabad, the Punjab, Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta are now to be given a large and good series of English classic texts, well equipped with notes, introductions, etc., prepared for their special use by English instructors on the ground. Shakspeare, Goldsmith, Scott, and Tennyson are already represented in the series, and Bacon, Milton, Burke, Gray, Campbell, Cowper, and Wordsworth soon will be. The summaries and verbal annotations in Mr. K. Deighton's edition of 'The Winter's Tale' (60 cts.) and Mr. Michael Macmillan's 'Rokeby' (90 cts.) are a little more elementary than would be needed in most of our American high-schools or academies; but the handsome and cheap volumes, as a whole, are suitable for school use almost anywhere, provided the teacher remembers that the annotations are to be used, if at all, merely as helpers. (Macmillan & Co.)—DR. W. J. ROLFE, an earnest worker in this line of popularizing good English, has given us some 'Fairy-Tales in Prose and Verse,' in Harper's English Classics for School Reading. The texts chosen are mostly from contemporary writers, and cannot be considered 'classics' in any proper sense. The editing (on Mr. Rolfe's familiar plan) is sensible and the illustrations endurable. (50 cts. Harper & Bros.)

THE DESIRE to make a sensation is a little too clearly apparent in Ellen E. Kenyon's 'The Coming School,' which seeks success as 'a sequel to "The Young Idea," by Caroline B. Le Row,' just as the latter book strove to follow in the steps of the same author's 'English as She is Taught.' The poor little blue-covered 'New Guide of the Conversation in Portuguese and English' has had plenty of successors, humorous instead of serious, and now again serious instead of humorous:

Most can raise the flowers now,
For all have got the seed.

Miss Le Row's 'The Young Idea,' like its immediate predecessor, strove to show, by ridicule, that commonsense is needed in the primary schools; and that is the purpose of Miss Kenyon's chapters. She would have the children study objects and their relations for the whole primary period, which she would considerably prolong, cultivating observation in the natural way, and exercising all the powers of the developing mind previous to mere word-study. Then will come the study of subjects in public high-schools and academies, while collegiate or professional institutions will follow. Cramming and shamming and mere memorizing are properly denounced in

rambling and unmethodical pages, the gayety and sprightliness of which are rather melancholy reading. The author's ideas are for the most part sensible enough, but they are not so novel as she supposes. Incidentally, Colonel Francis W. Parker, 'our soldier-teacher of the West,' Director of the Northwestern Summer School, Normal Park, Cook County, Illinois, receives an amount of gushing praise which must make him recall a late eminent preacher's expressions concerning the difficulty of 'keeping his friends from breaking out into a ruinous defence of him.' (50 cts. Cassell & Co.)

MISS LOUISE MANNING HODGKINS, Professor of English Literature at Wellesley, has collected in a string-tied binder her little class-room pamphlet aids to the intelligent reading of twenty-six British and American writers, which she calls 'A Guide to the Study of Nineteenth Century Authors.' Under Browning, for instance, the student is referred to the significant facts of his life, biographical sketches of him, his chief minor poems, dramas, and 'Hellenic Poems,' and a long list of critical articles in books and magazines. Students often need some such help as is here given, which, of course, is to be used merely as supplementary to class-room instruction. The compiler wisely refers readers to unfavorable as well as favorable criticisms; and her modest leaflets (which may easily be separated from the cover) show a good judgment and a sense of proportion. There are some misprints, of which 'Eternal spirit of the chainless wind' is the funniest. (D. C. Heath & Co.)—GINN & Co. have added to their series of Classics for Children, which now includes an excellent variety of standard or helpful supplementary reading for schools, 'The Two Great Retreats of History: The Retreat of the Ten Thousand [and] Napoleon's Retreat from Moscow,' with introductions and notes by D. H. Montgomery. Part I. is Grote's paraphrase of Xenophon, and Part II. Count Ségur's story, abridged. Two good maps are added, and the book is excellent and instructive reading for home as well as school. The half-cloth binding of this well and accurately printed series is pretty, but soils with unfortunate promptness—a mistake which it is now too late for the publishers to correct. (60 cts.)

THE EXCELLENT PAPERS on 'The Kindergarten' and the principles of Froebel's system of primary training which appeared some years ago in England from the pen of Emily Shirreff, have been republished in this country. They contain a concise and definite statement of those principles by one who thoroughly understands them. Another essay in the volume discusses the relations of Froebel's system to the education of women, a subject in which the author is greatly interested. A concluding paper deals earnestly and wisely with the higher education of women. The book is one that will be valuable to all teachers, and especially to kindergartners and to those who desire the intellectual advancement of women. (\$1. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen.)—IN HEATH'S GERMAN SERIES appears Schiller's 'Maid of Orleans,' edited by Benjamin W. Wells. It has the same careful and critical editing which has been given to the other volumes of this series; and it is furnished with all the helps necessary to make it most profitable to the student. The introduction treats of the history of the writing of the poem, the various editions and manuscripts, and the relations of the drama to French history. It is followed by biographical notices of the historical characters in the drama. The notes have been prepared with reference to the critical and literary, as well as the linguistic, study of the work, and they will be found to be a valuable help to the student. (65 cts. D. C. Heath & Co.)

IN A HANDY SERIES of Guides for Science Teaching the Boston Society of Natural History publish a little volume of thirty-six 'Observation Lessons on Common Minerals,' by Henry Lincoln Clapp—the fifteenth of the series. The lessons have been worked out with classes in the George Putnam School, Boston. They are based chiefly on the obvious physical properties of the bodies examined, their chemical properties being only incidentally alluded to. The list of objects includes granite, quartz, feldspar, hornblende, mica, carbonates of lime, rock salt, hematite, iron ore, pyrites, galena, graphite, the precious metals, and Roxbury conglomerate. The descriptions are mostly by pupils in the above school. (30 cts. D. C. Heath & Co.)—'THE SIXTH NATURAL HISTORY READER' completes a series, by the late Rev. J. G. Wood, intended to add an interest to elementary education by acquainting children with the most remarkable facts of zoology. This volume leads on to the principles on which classification of animals is based. As the series was laid out on a descending scale, we come in this last volume to the lowest orders of animals—molluscs, crustaceans, insects, worms and protozoa. It is fairly well illustrated, avoiding the too common mistake of using foreign plates representing forms often quite un-

like our own. (54 cts. Boston School Supply Co.)—ANNA B. BADLAM'S 'Primer' is designed to furnish reading-matter which will carry the child of average ability from groups of only two words at a time to more complicated sentences. It is illustrated, has a neat cover, and is provided with a ribbon book-mark. (25 cts. D. C. Heath & Co.)

ALL CULTURED Americans should be proud of the establishment at Athens of the American School of Classical Studies, whose seventh annual report is now on our table. More than this, they should help in supporting it. The annual Directors who have prepared the report are Prof. Martin L. D'Ooge and Augustus C. Merriam. The story of the excavations at Icaria is of fascinating interest, and several very clear phototypes illustrate this subterranean study of the shrine of Dionysius. Besides the hundred pages devoted to subjects of vital interest to students of the deathless and matchless language of Greece, there is a valuable annex of information of fifteen pages concerning bibliography, travel and expenses, and other matters of importance to those who think of becoming students in this school. (American Institute of Archaeology.)—JUDGING from the manifest merits of Lucia Norman's 'Popular History of California,' it deserves not only the present new edition, but others to come. In two hundred pages it gives a bird's-eye view of the story of this wonderful State, being remarkably full on the Spanish portion, before the discovery of gold made California the most cosmopolitan in the character of its inhabitants of all the American states. The story of Kearneyism, the Chinese immigration, the Modoc war in the lava-beds, and other incidents are graphically related. Old Forty-niners and many Eastern people will enjoy refreshing their memories from these pleasant pages. (San Francisco: The Bancroft Co.)

Households of Women

A BRIGHT and cultured woman, college-bred and having taught some years in a woman's college, recently resigned her position, saying she was 'utterly sick of living in households of women.' And another, more vigorous in her expression of the same feeling, said that though she was fond of girls and enjoyed teaching them, she did *not* like to 'eat girls and sleep girls.' The two were exceptional in their frank expression of dislike; but a like feeling moves in more than one teacher's heart as the time draws near when the schools open and they return to their households of women. Some take kindly to it, no doubt, and make, under the conditions, a social life for themselves which is, in a measure, satisfying. But these are usually the elder ones for whom life has narrowed to the school-house, or to the born vestals to whom the semi-conventual life is really congenial. But even these would hardly defend households of women as giving the best life to their members; and only custom and precedent could make it seem right that girls, for the four or six impressionable years of early womanhood, should be shut up in a world of one sex. It is a necessity of the social organization, they would say. Young women cannot be sent to school and college as their brothers are, trusted to provide themselves with honest and proper social surroundings. And, endowments being limited and it plainly unprofitable to build small halls, our women's colleges have betaken themselves to the semi-conventual methods from which men have gradually escaped. Vassar shelters her three hundred or more under one great roof. Wellesley does much the same; and Smith, which began with households of twenty, has found it needful of late to build halls accommodating sixty or seventy. Bryn Mawr has two halls, each for fifty students. Only the Harvard Annex scatters its girls in homes, and this simply because it has not the money to build a dormitory. The misfortune—if it be such—is not without its compensations; although, again, it costs the students more. The Baltimore College for Women, only recently opened, has a like reason for not providing a residence hall for its students.

Historically this fashion of housing students under one great roof comes from the conventual system of earlier ages; and, specifically, in our own time and country, it is a relic of the female seminary and the seminary idea. From the seminary point of view, households of women were not

simply necessary but advisable. Only through daily, constant intercourse could the moulding of mind, manners and morals under the eye of watchful teachers be properly carried on. And twenty five years ago, so anxious were they to secure the full benefit of these feminine influences on the dear girls, that school walls were high and rules many, and the coarse outer world excluded as completely as possible. We have partly outgrown that. We have lowered the walls and widened the privileges, finding it safer to trust girls, to walk by faith in them rather than sight of them. We recognize now that the life inside such walls was abnormal, unwholesome; that it narrowed both teachers and taught, gave them false views of the world, and encouraged a morbid sensibility.

But are these conditions so very different now in our women's colleges? We have raised the standard of intellectual discipline; we open a broader world to their inmates in many ways. The stately halls, with all conveniences and even elegances of life, are imposing to the stranger or the distinguished foreigner who visits them. But is their social life, on the whole, much more satisfactory than was that of the female seminary of thirty years ago? A lecturer at Wellesley pronounces the atmosphere there 'distinctly unwholesome'; but, except that it is entirely women and a larger household than anywhere else, one cannot see that it is more so than Vassar or Smith or Bryn Mawr. Doctors tell us that the nervous strain of life under these conditions is very great, and that the intellectual atmosphere is far too intense. Of other dangers, such as a popular novel some years ago described, we say nothing, though the truth of the picture given in 'Esther Pennefather' received abundant confirmation in the public discussion of the book.

Now is it not time, before any more colleges for women are founded, to distinctly protest against this household system, and find out if there is a better way? Our women's colleges, indeed, suffer for lack of healthy criticism on these and other points. It seems ungracious to carp at such noble foundations. They are so much better than our mothers had, and we are so grateful for the intellectual advance, that the general chorus is praise and always praise. What one hears of them from enthusiastic newspaper and magazine writers does not enlighten us much as to the intellectual and social life nourished within their walls. We are told of the fine buildings, the libraries and laboratories, the pretty rooms the girls make for themselves, and the number of periodicals taken. But despite the enthusiasm over these things, we may be sure, on general principles, that their life cannot be that which is best for young women.

But this brings us to a broader question. Is it the business of a college to provide for more than the intellectual life, including therein, of course, care for physical training and a proper moral atmosphere? It is pretty thoroughly settled in the case of young men that it is not, though, for economic considerations, it sometimes may provide dormitories. But its office is to provide instruction, the best instruction it can. For that it must have, not simply learned specialists, pedants strong on accents and full of dead information, but men—men of attractive personality, of strong character, men able not simply to teach the topic of their department, but to bring out all that is best in their students, to educate them on the line at once of mental and moral development. Of course these great teachers are hard to find, but if, so far, the colleges for men have rather the monopoly of them, is it not partly because of the household system of our women's colleges?

One may say that if so much is to be made of the personal factor, then the more the students are with the teacher, the better for them. But against this advantage one must balance the steady strain on the teacher, the vitality drained from her in this constant contact with her pupils. She may, indeed, shut herself up from them. I have known one or two who did this on principle. But they were hardly as

successful, for the household system makes such withdrawal seem selfish exclusion, and women will always judge these things from the heart rather than the head. Yet imagine the effect on a man if he had always to have a score of young men about him; always except at the rare intervals when he felt justified in putting 'Engaged' or 'Headache' on his door. At times he might enjoy it, might be able to give them his best and be touched by the inspiration of their affection and their faith in him. But can any one doubt that, in the long run, he would find it a heavy tax on his intellectual capital and his nervous force? The patience of woman under it is sometimes amazing to an observer; but most of them have no choice and console themselves in the opportunities so given of doing good.

I am not advocating the withdrawal of the personal influence, or that the function of the college should begin and end with class instruction. That would be a distinct misfortune. But might not a change in the household system open the way to a better influence, to a broader social life for both teachers and students? The gain to women as educators would be large, for no part of their strength need then be taken for petty details of oversight. They would come to their classes fresh from the outer world, not fatigued already by contact in the narrower one of the school home. The gain to the student would be twofold—better teaching and a more normal life.

Residence halls are not a necessity of a college foundation. When that is recognized for women as well as for men, we shall be on the way to something better. It is often because the dormitory takes so much of the precious endowment, that salaries must be small and appointments meagre. Put that money into the faculty; establish the college in some place where homes may be open to the students, with perhaps a cottage or two as provision for special cases; build the gymnasium, and see that the physical development is cared for; then draw all together into a broad social life under the leadership of teachers who know the world of men as well as the world of books. The girls may be less finely housed; but their life will be in a home and their training more normal. The social life does not depend upon the household system, and that the lack of that system is not fatal to manners and morals, some of our co-educational institutions prove.

In these, again, there is complaint of the social needs; but that is because leadership is difficult and things are largely left to chance. It is certainly possible to have a satisfactory social condition while girls are scattered in homes, if a leader is provided and a definite effort made in that direction. To the objection that parents will not send daughters to college unless there are residence halls, it may be answered that thousands of parents do send them without such provision, and even to co-educational institutions where there would seem far more need of them. We may be told that this is only in the West; but the plain truth is, that, as college standards now are, girls are not, as a rule, sent from home till able to take care of themselves. This is one advantage of raising the standard; and it is for the colleges, not the preparatory schools, that we ask this greater freedom of life.

EMILY F. WHEELER.

The Lounger

DR. HOLMES will be eighty years of age next Thursday, Aug. 29. The year in which he was born (1809) was noteworthy as the natal year of Lord Tennyson, whose eightieth birthday was celebrated on the sixth of this month; Charles Darwin, Lord Houghton, Mr. Gladstone, Abraham Lincoln and Edgar Allan Poe—a bead-roll impossible to match among the American and English children of any other year in the century; since of all the English poets born since 1800, Lord Tennyson is the most famous, of men of science none ranks with Darwin, and among politicians there is no rival to Mr. Gladstone in popularity and influence; while Lincoln is our greatest statesman, Poe the most famous of American poets and Holmes the most popular of those now living. His fame and the affectionate regard in which he is universally held have not decreased

since 1884, when our readers put him at the head of their list of America's 'Forty Immortals,' and when these columns, later on, were made the medium of a tribute of admiration and esteem in which a host of English-speaking writers joined on the occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday. I have not heard lately how the genial Autocrat has been this summer; but no news is good news. He is at Beverly Farms, as usual at this season, I believe; and I trust he will have as happy an anniversary of his birthday as he can wish, or as his nearest friends could wish him to have.

ONE OF THE MOST noteworthy extra-illustrated books that have come to my attention for a long while is a copy of Dr. Holmes's last book of poems, 'Before the Curfew,' prepared by Mr. Wm. Cushing Bamburgh of this city. When completed, it will contain, among other things, the owner's tribute to the Autocrat on the occasion of his eightieth birthday, beautifully lettered in Old English text on illuminated vellum pages, and a number of the tributes, similarly treated, which were contributed to THE CRITIC five years ago by some of the poet's heartiest admirers—Mr. Lowell, Mr. Curtis, Mr. Whittier, Bret Harte, John Burroughs, R. W. Gilder, and Drs. Hale and Bartol. Each of these poems or letters is signed in the autograph of the writer. Mr. Lowell's was one of the first of those to which the poet's name was appended; it has been illuminated in an earlier style than any of the others—a style antedating theirs by perhaps two centuries. Bound up with these is an illuminated historical essay on 'The Curfew'; Dr. Holmes's tribute to Mr. Lowell on his seventieth birthday, read at the Tavern Club dinner in Boston last February and afterwards printed in *The Atlantic*; and an account, in a similarly embellished chirography, of a visit paid to the Autocrat two years ago by the gentleman who designed the book. Dr. Holmes has not only expressed his gratification at Mr. Bamburgh's undertaking, but has copied out in his own handwriting the last stanza of the Tavern Club poem. Altogether the volume is one of the unique literary treasures of America.

IN A RECENT magazine article on 'Wealth,' which has been reprinted in England at Mr. Gladstone's request, Mr. Carnegie makes this allusion to the prospective Tilden Library:

We might even go so far as to take another instance, that of Mr. Tilden's bequest of five millions of dollars for a free library in the city of New York, but in referring to this, one cannot help saying involuntarily: 'How much better if Mr. Tilden had devoted the last years of his own life to the proper administration of this immense sum; in which case neither legal contest nor any other cause of delay could have interfered with his aims.' But let us assume that Mr. Tilden's millions finally become the means of giving to this city a noble public library, where the treasures of the world contained in books will be open to all for ever, without money and without price. Considering the good of that part of the race which congregates in and around Manhattan Island, would its permanent benefit have been better promoted had these millions been allowed to circulate in small sums through the hands of the masses? Even the most strenuous advocate of Communism must entertain a doubt upon this subject. Most of those who think will probably entertain no doubt whatever.

MR. TILDEN, it seems, did not fully make up his mind to appropriate any portion of his estate to the foundation of a public library until after his impaired health constrained him to reduce rather than increase his cares, and it is hardly necessary to say that the organization of such a library as he has provided for, would of itself have proved an enormous draft upon the physical resources of a healthy man; how much more of one who was almost entirely bereft of the faculties of articulate speech, and whose powers of locomotion were scarcely less impaired. So far from assuming onerous duties, he was even obliged to neglect his own affairs to a degree that would soon have impoverished a man of moderate means. He may have thought that, like King David, he had been so much a man of war that the erection of such a temple as he contemplated had better be confided to peaceful Solomons like Messrs. Bigelow, Green and Smith. I say he may have thought so. It is as likely that he thought very little about it, for he was wont to say that it 'takes all my time to live,' so unceasingly did his physical condition absorb his attention for several years before his death. In sparing himself the care and worry which the organization of the imperial enterprise for which he has made provision would inevitably have imposed upon him, Mr. Tilden may have found some justification in the advantages to result from allowing his store to accumulate until it should be adequate to the supply of all the people of this metropolis with any book and all the books they care to read, without money and without price; for that was his notion of a 'Free Library for the City of New York.' For such a purpose his bequest, even with its accumulations to the end of the pending litigation, which I trust is not a twelve-month off, will prove none too large.

AS NO ONE KNOWS better than Mr. Carnegie that life is always uncertain; that with all his enviable health and strength he is not more sure than any other person of celebrating another birthday, I am glad to infer from his criticism of Mr. Tilden's course that he is already planning for the distribution of his millions so that there shall be no contest over them, nor any interference with the aims to which he is consecrating the remaining years of his life—years which I trust may be as many as he can wish.

'A ROLAND STONE writes to me as follows from Palo, Colorado: 'Dr. Weir Mitchell's statement in the current *Century*, that in all his rambles through the Eastern States he had seen but two rattlesnakes, recalls to my mind an odd error in Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's 'The Silverado Squatters.' The romancer states that when he heard an imitation of the rattle of a crotalus, he recognized it as the most constant sound that they had heard at Silverado, and rather wonders that they had escaped unharmed. Now rattlesnakes are by no means so numerous in California as this statement would lead one to believe, and even in a country infested by them one seldom hears their *bus-s-s*. Though the writer is familiar with the greater part of California, he has seen but few rattlesnakes and heard fewer, some time having been pleasantly spent in the vicinity of Silverado (a rattlesnake country, it is true) without either sight or sound of a 'rattler.' What was it, then, that Mr. Stevenson heard? As I step to the door of my cabin, the cricket singing in the dry grass with a sound so nearly like that of the rattlesnake that it would be impossible for an imitator to distinguish them gives me the answer. The snakes that Mr. Stevenson heard were—crickets!'

THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN whose intention of exploring the much-travelled rivers of France on a house-boat I exposed not many weeks ago were at Vichy, at last accounts, having had a most delightful trip thus far past Pont du Gard, St. Rémy, Les Baux, Arles, Brionde, Puy de Dome, and a number of other interesting places. They are taking photographs and making sketches as they go, and threaten to write a magazine article, or possibly a book, on their return. Admitting a fair degree of literary ability, nothing further is wanted than they possess. With two wide-awake observers on the deck and at the writing-table, such a trip could hardly be devoid of interest even at second-hand.

PROF. BOYESEN has received a number of letters asking him, in perfect good faith, for the Icelandic original of the incantation referred to in his story, 'A Pagan Incantation,' in the August *Scribner's*. A gentleman who says he has been an invalid for many years, almost implores the novelist to send it to him. Though he does not say, in so many words, that he means to test its efficacy in transferring his disease to some one else, the urgent, anxious tone of his letter makes it evident that this is his purpose. Another correspondent—a lady—assumes a half-bantering tone, but concludes with the words: 'I hope, sir, you will not deny my request, for I have a very particular reason for asking you to do me this favor.' This reminds me of an experience Mr. Boyesen had some years ago with his story entitled 'A Case of Heart-Break.' An amiable lady in Kansas wrote to him on its appearance a long and touching letter, offering to adopt one of the imaginary children in the story, and was outraged to find that they did not exist. She thought the writer had trifled with her feelings.

'IS IT TOO LATE,' asks 'G. F. S.' of Elyria, O., 'to propose a new candidate for the honor of being the National Flower? If not, I would present the Red Clover, as having on the whole more good points than the Goldenrod, the Mayflower or any other flower that has been named. No one has attempted to cultivate the Red Clover for beauty, but there seems to be no reason why a very handsome variety might not be produced by the care and ingenuity of the florist. Indeed, in its uncultivated state the Clover frequently produces large, symmetrical, and firmly colored heads. The Clover is a preëminently useful plant, and not a troublesome weed like the Goldenrod. It grows everywhere. It is not a native of America, but no more are we natives. Its forefathers and ours crossed the seas together. It has shared our history and contributed to our prosperity. Again, its single head, composed of many flowers, admirably symbolizes the *E pluribus unum* idea. The Red Clover is a patriotic flower; it is always on hand on the Fourth of July, while the Mayflower disappears in May, and the Goldenrod lags behind until August. It is a cleanly, wholesome flower. There are, if I may be allowed the expression, "no flies on it," while you will almost always find many little midges of some sort or other on the Goldenrod. The bee sucks honey from it, but the fly keeps away. It is, moreover, sweet-scented. The flower can easily be conventionalized. A Red Clover pompon would make a fine ornament for the American soldier's cap.'

A Grecian

HIS MIND was out of tune, and out of date
 With the keen transient mood in which was bound
 The world where now his wintry lot was found.
 The little voices that would emulate
 None but each other, at the judgment-gate
 Of praise or bounty singing, had no sound
 To him of transport, for his heart around
 Another hearth, with all its kindred, sate
 Rapt in the airs that Delphic breezes bore.
 He was as one who hears a tinkling rill
 Or scans the circlet of a tiny mere
 Fresh from seafaring to some wondrous shore;
 By ocean's mighty infinite he still
 Is haunted, and its music crowds his ear.

EPIPHANIUS WILSON.

Tennyson's Eightieth Birthday

[Theodore Watts, in *The Athenaeum*.]

ANOTHER birthday breaks: he is with us still,
 There thro' the branches of the glittering trees
 The birthday-sun gilds grass and flower: the breeze
 Sends forth methinks a thrill—a conscious thrill
 That tells yon meadows by the steaming rill—
 Where, o'er the clover waiting for the bees,
 The mist shines round the cattle to their knees—
 'Another birthday breaks: he is with us still!'
 For Nature loves him—loves our Tennyson:
 I think of heathery Aldworth rich and rife
 With greetings of a world his song hath won:
 I see him there with loving son and wife,
 His fourscore years a golden orb of life:
 My proud heart swells to think what he hath done.
 August 6, 1889: at sunrise.

The Washington Memorial Arch

THE FUND in the hands of Treasurer Wm. R. Stewart, 54 William Street, had grown, at the close of office hours on Tuesday, Aug. 20, to \$47,629.21. The subscriptions for the seven days previous were as follows:

- \$100:—E. Eberhart, President Grand Conservatory of Music.
- \$41:—Forty-one readers of *Commercial Advertiser*, \$1 each.
- \$6:—Through *Evening Telegram*.
- \$4:—Through *Evening Sun*.
- \$4:—Bewley & Hart, and a few friends.
- \$5.75:—From various sources.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

THERE is at Duprat's a little marvel of modern book-binding, a Pickering 'Horace,' bound in a mosaic of various colored moroccos, reproducing a Pompeian design, in which pilasters and panels, all gaily ornamented, frame in a delicate little miniature painting of masks and festoons, on ivory. The binding is *doublé* with a simpler design in gold and colors, on a black ground. It is the work of a rising French artist. There is also at Duprat's a specimen of the work of the veteran Cuzin, a 'Pâtissier Français,' rarest of Elzevirs, bound in Le Gascon style in red *doublé* with blue morocco.

—To the first seven American artists proposed for the distinction of a third medal in connection with the art exhibit in the Paris Exhibition—namely, J. R. Story, Kenyon Cox, C. F. Ulrich, E. E. Simmons, Carl Gutherz, L. D. Delachaix, and Eastman Johnson—the Jury has since added the names of W. S. Allen, J. Carroll Beckwith, Edward A. Bell, E. H. Blashfield, Robert F. Blum, R. B. Brandegee, H. Russell Butler, Wm. A. Coffin, William P. W. Dana, W. L. Dodge, H. F. Farny, Ch. F. Forbes, Frank Fowler, Miss Elizabeth Jane Gardner, Gilbert Gaul, R. Swain Gifford, James M. Hart, Childe Hassam, George Inness, H. Bolton Jones, Miss Anna E. Klumpke, R. C. Minor, H. Humphrey Moore, J. Douglas Patrick, Clinton Peters, A. H. Thayer, Wordsworth Thompson, R. W. Vonnoh, and Horatio Walker. Honorable mentions have been awarded to John L. Breck, J. B. Bristol, J. G. Brown, G. B. Butler,

Ralph Curtis, H. Denman, Arthur W. Dow, Peter A. Gross, M. F. H. de Haas, Charles H. Hayden, E. L. Henry, Wilson de Metz, W. Eaton, Craig Nicoll, A. Parton, H. G. Plumb, C. Y. Turner, Walter Shirlaw, Ch. Theriat, E. Vedder, S. Edwin Whiteman, W. Whittredge, and Alexander H. Wyant. In paintings of different kinds and drawings (Class 2), the following awards have been made:—First medal: E. A. Abbey and C. S. Reinhart. Second medal: W. H. Low, F. Remington, Julius Rolshoven, Mrs. Rosina Emmet Sherwood, Robert F. Blum and William J. Whittemore. Third medal: Kenyon Cox and Alden Weir. Honorable mention: Miss Kathleen H. Greatorex, Wm. H. Drake, Joseph Pennell and Irving R. Wiles.

—Mr. Theodore Wores, writing of the Japanese in the September *Century*, for which a number of his paintings have been engraved, says:—'A perfect freedom from all affectation constitutes one of their most admirable qualities. They show no false or veneered front to the world: the beauty of their homes lies more in the interior finish than in a showy outside, and the lining of their gowns is often a more expensive and finer material than the outer stuff.' His article is entitled 'An American Artist in Japan.'

—Theodore Child has written for the September *Harper's* an article on 'American Artists at the Paris Exhibition,' illustrated with twenty engravings—nearly all full-page—from paintings by Whistler, Dannat, Sargent, Harrison, Hitchcock, Melchers, Gay, Knight, Stewart, Pearce, Weeks, Reinhart, Mosler, Millet, Beckwith and Thayer. He declares that the American Fine Art section was 'one of the strongest and most interesting of all the foreign departments.'

—As Mr. St. Gaudens was too much occupied to undertake the statue of Capt. Nathan Hale, to be erected in the northwest corner of City Hall Park by the Society of Sons of the Revolution, Messrs. Wm. Gaston Hamilton, Joseph W. Drexel and Francis Lathrop sometime since commissioned Mr. Frederick MacMonies, a pupil of Mr. St. Gaudens, to make a design, and it is expected that they will pass upon it in October. No portraits of the young American spy exist, so the work will be an idealization.

Mrs. Humphry Ward in Social Life

[From a Dublin letter to *The New York Tribune*.]

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD was a special guest of the Cosmopolitan Club the other night. She was accompanied by her father, who is the second son of the Arnold of Rugby, 'Tom Brown's' Arnold. Mrs. Ward does not very closely resemble the portraits of her which have become most familiar. She is not dark, austere and acute of face, as might be inferred by the sharp outlines of the black and white sketches. On the contrary, she is of that medium type between blonde and brunette which is popularly denominated 'fair.' Her head is not strikingly large; her features are long and not perfectly regular, expressive of power and continuity rather than of effeminate dilettantism. Her forehead is pretty well concealed by the old style of combing the hair down smoothly on either side. Her hair has a positive tendency to wrinkle and wave—to crinkle, rather, like waves under a very gentle wind. Her eyes are full, luminous, and one would be venturesome to say of what color—perhaps gray, perhaps chestnut, perhaps brown or blue. They are of various hues, according to the external light and the internal occupation. They look gravely brown when she thinks long at a time upon the same topic; they become childishly blue and merry when the smile parts the rather full lips (especially is the upper lip full), and she gives forth a pleasant, although obviously a restrained laugh. Her hands, as they escaped now and then from silken draperies, proved to be large, shapely and artistic.

She wore a white gown cut in a way that may be called a modification of the reigning style. It was not rigorous Directoire, but presented the favorite long lines of that revived mode. Her figure being easily suited, being tall, pliable and well-proportioned, she would look well in anything; but her graceful presence was somewhat hidden by her evening mantle, which she did not discard, its copious folds falling around her, sibyl-like, as she sat quite at ease, simple and free from self-consciousness, yet knowing that she was the cynosure of a brilliant company. One would not call her a beautiful or even a handsome woman; but she impresses every one with the dignity, the strength and the reserve of her intellectual force, and is as amiable and kindly in manner as if she were the unknown author of 'Miss Bretherton,' instead of, perhaps, the most widely known novelist living, and the undoubted successor of her illustrious countrywoman, George Eliot. I am not sure that the latter phrase is justified, for Thomas Arnold went to New Zealand in his youth as an inspector of schools, and from that country was transferred by the British Colonial Office, of which he was a subordi-

nate, to Tasmania. There he married Julia Sorrell, granddaughter of a former Governor; and there Mary Augusta, their eldest daughter, was born. The relationship between father and daughter, strange to say, is the foundation of 'Robert Elsmere'—the intellectual and moral relationship; for, all gossip to the contrary, it is true that in the evolution and devolution of her father's religious beliefs, the daughter found the genesis of her hero-preacher. Old Dr. Arnold, it will be remembered, lived a good part of his august and beautiful life amid the surroundings and within the precincts that transferred so large a number of Oxford scholars to the communion of Rome. He firmly believed in the Divinity of Christ, although somewhat disposed to Unitarianism in other matters. He was at one time expected to follow Newman, but he lingered with Keble. One of his sons, Matthew, became in time the disciple more of Francis than of John Henry Newman; but Thomas Arnold, the younger, entered, while in Tasmania, the Church of Rome. On returning to England he prayed, meditated and studied at the Oratory in Birmingham, within the shadow of Joseph Chamberlain's modest old home, which he has discarded for a pretentious new one; but after the lapse of a few years, a portion of the period being spent as Professor in the now defunct Catholic University in Dublin, Mr. Arnold discarded the dogmas of Roman Catholicism and returned to Oxford, very much in the condition of another character in the novel, who believed nothing. It was while he was engaged on his various text-books there that his daughter met Thomas Humphry Ward, whose father was Vicar of St. Barnabas, King's Square, London, and who in his younger days was as conservative in his religious views as he is now indefinite in them. Mrs. Ward assisted him in the preparation of the critical estimates of many of the 'English Poets,' their colleagues being Matthew Arnold, Thomas Arnold, Edmund Gosse, Andrew Lang, George Saintsbury, Dowden, Austin Dobson, Swinburne, the Dean of Westminster (Stanley) and the late Lord Houghton. The conversation upon music and art which so abounds in 'Robert Elsmere' discloses the close companionship of Mrs. Ward with her husband, who is one of the most accomplished writers on these subjects in England.

It was, therefore, as inevitable that Mrs. Ward should deal with the religious problem in her first successful book as that George Eliot, also cradled in professional religiousness, should deal with the same perplexing phenomena in life and conduct. She spoke at the *Cosmopolitan* upon the same theme.

Her voice is clear, sympathetic and finely cadenced, the pitch being agreeably variable, and the intonation indicating the careful habit of thinking clearly before speaking and of speaking in the best language and with a delicate sense of voice quality. Her manner is wholly free from forensic suggestion or didactic assumption. She might have talked about the weather in the same musical, colloquial way. Nor did she appear to be conscious of saying aught of the least importance; but every word was listened to with eager attention. She said in effect that morality was not the exclusive possession of any portion of the world or of any class, and pressed, with eloquent but well-restrained vehemence, the point that throughout the mass of the English people especially there is a sturdy and real morality, which does not label itself aggressively as Christian or other, but is in aim and in inspiration Christian. Without offering any disparaging words in relation to the aristocracy and their virtues, it was manifest that she did not esteem them monopolists of morality in their day, Christian or other. It was impossible to deduce from her words, which were happily chosen without strain or affectation, whether she had any belief on the main question under consideration.

In private conversation Mrs. Ward can be either gay and humorous—and richly so—or impressive and refreshing. Her power of conversation extends over many topics. She has essentially an æsthetic rather than a philosophic or scientific mode of looking at everything, and I fancy would be liable to apply standards of taste where more syllogistic logicians would insist upon colder methods of investigation. When free from the bonds that affect on semi-public occasions every cultivated woman, Mrs. Ward is pungent, brilliant and witty; but on this occasion she seemed to be studying unusual types of human beings rather than to be concerned in expressing herself. Indeed, her reserve was noticeable.

Her father states that she and her family were simply astounded at the success of her novel. Wise and devoted counsellors, after reading the manuscript, gravely discouraged her from attempting to print it. When, despite their timidity, she found a publisher, her household and intimate friends, who were in the secret, expected that it might possibly attract the attention of a few reviewers. That it should become, as it still indeed is, the sensation of years, was and is to them a mystery. It is confidently asserted that Mrs. Ward will visit New York next winter.

Hard Work at "Light Literature"

[The Pall Mall Gazette]

IN A CHARMING little house, situated in its own grounds and buried in the deep foliage that surrounds the Kentish village of Bexley, I found Mr. Hall Caine, the novelist and dramatist (writes a correspondent), snugly and comfortably at home. 'All my books,' said Mr. Caine, 'endeavor to show the ennobling effect of suffering upon the human character; where it does not harden it ever draws out the finest traits in a man or woman. This I show more definitely than ever in my new book, "The Bondman," which is now being published by a syndicate of newspapers. By the bye, talking of that, it may interest you to know a well-known American house—whose name I will not mention—are about to start a business here in London upon a totally new basis, which will, if successful, deal a death-blow at the three-volume system. They will adopt new methods, they will not produce the "library" book, they will initiate a new form of advertising by hoarding and everything that is not beneath the dignity of literature. "The Bondman," which I think is by far my strongest work, is dramatized. Mr. Charles Dornnton is about to produce it for copyright in the provinces, and Wilson Barrett is so interested in it that I am negotiating with him now with reference to his taking it out to America. There is a good part in it for him, and the chief character in the play, the *locule* of which is laid in Iceland and Man, nearly resembles Rip Van Winkle. I am going to Iceland, with all this in mind, and with a view of seeing Thingvellir, the "mount of laws," which corresponds to Tynwald in Man.' 'All these,' said my host, 'are drafts, all thought out.' 'Then you look far ahead,' I queried. 'Indeed he does,' said Mrs. Hall Caine, his pretty young wife, as she cut some cake for their little golden-haired baby, a jolly boy of five, 'indeed he does; see what he has dictated to me of the book he has arranged to bring out in January, 1891,' handing the MS. drafts of 'The Prophet,' a daring attempt to look into the future, and yet vivid and real and with the earnestness and energy of today pulsing through each strong rhythmic sentence. * * *

The conversation turned to Mr. Caine's local coloring and dialects, and I asked, 'Is that *penance* scene in "The Deemster" from life?' 'Well, yes, I myself have seen as a boy, and I am only thirty-six now, men and women doing penance in a white sheet at the doors of the Manx churches. My Bishop in "The Deemster" is, of course, suggested by the well-known Bishop Wilson. Yes, I frequently jot down "situations" as they occur to me; I mentally group my people into situations of strong human interest.' And indeed I could see that for myself; the table was strewn with sheets of note-paper on which were jotted down his ideas as they struck him: 'Women going to church with prayer-book wrapped in handkerchief,' and so on. I was seated upon a huge sofa, the finest I ever saw. 'Made for poor Rossetti in his last illness,' replied Mr. Caine to my remark upon its size and comfort. Above me was a cast that was taken of Rossetti after death, and another bust, said to be one of the finest extant, which belonged to Rossetti, of William Shakspeare. Goethe's and Schiller's faces were there in statuettes upon the mantelpiece. In a corner of the room downstairs stood a handsome old black-oak cabinet, which was also once the property of the dead poet; and most curious of all was the very old-fashioned lantern which Mrs. Caine put into my hand, saying as she did so, 'That was given to us by old Lord Houghton, and it is said to be the very lantern which was carried by Eugene Aram on that fatal night.'

The Critic's Dilemma

[H. D. Traill, in The English Illustrated Magazine.]

THE annual crop of poets continues to increase, and the position of the critic is year by year becoming more and more critical in quite another sense than he likes. It is not the mere quantity of the rhymed or metrical matter poured forth from the press which embarrasses him, for excess of quantity very often finds, and has always hitherto found, its compensation in marked inferiority of quality. Large masses of the yearly yield of poetry were formerly wont to be of an essentially labor-saving character for the critic. As regards most of it, he had only to cut the leaves of half-a-dozen of them, without going through the associated rite of smelling the paper-knife. A page, a stanza, was often sufficient to satisfy him that under no possible circumstances could the writer deviate into poetry, and that the chances were virtually overwhelming that he would never rise even to the level of decent verse. Nor, of course, would I go so far as to say that the critic has even yet to lament the entire loss of this simplification of his labors. Plenty of volumes of 'poetry' still appear which announce their hopelessly prosaic character on a first introduction with as considerate a candor as ever. But the number of those which refuse to give so plain and simple an account of themselves—the number of those which are

distinctly good of their kind, and to that extent require a conscientious critic to attempt some admeasurement of their goodness—has increased enormously; while to the number of those which are so good that the conscientious critic aforesaid has much ado to determine whether they are only excellent verse or the genuine article of poetry, the addition is also considerable. And these last it is which are causing such serious searchings of the critical heart. The owner of that organ finds himself sorely put to it to adjust the works before him to his faithful formulas of criticism without on the one hand reducing in rather a melancholy fashion the list of poets in the past, or making room for an appallingly long catalogue of future bards.

Theoretically, of course, 'poetry is the perfect expression of great thoughts or imaginings.' But there is undoubtedly a good deal of the world's accepted poetry in which thoughts and imaginings hardly deserving the description of great have been accepted in virtue of their perfect expression; while, on the other hand, there are not a few unchallenged poets—Byron is the typical example—in whom very frequent and sometimes glaring imperfection of expression has been tolerated in consideration of the dignity of the thought or the richness of the imaginative gift displayed by them. To set up therefore a very exalted standard alike of thought and of expression would be equivalent to serving several highly respected members of the national Valhalla with a notice to quit; while, on the other hand, the consequences of insisting less strongly upon excellence of matter than on excellence of form would be in these days, as we have said, of a most serious kind. For 'all the young men' have caught the trick of expression: there is no denying it. The truth had better out at once; and the truth is that every year produces half-a-dozen writers of verse who, so far as the power of putting thought into words goes, are absolutely not to be discriminated from poets. Their poetic speech is not merely graceful, picturesque, harmonious; it has distinction and sometimes even nobility of manner. And the critic is beginning to feel—and, if of the candid variety, to admit to himself and others—that the critical world is confronted with this rather uncomfortable dilemma: either that poetry is teachable and learnable, and therefore not the incommunicable gift it was supposed to be; or—and this is a hardly less unpleasant thought—that a goodly number of the supposed poets are not poets at all. In other words, either a whole lot of 'gods' are shown to be mortal, or hardly anybody is divine.

Current Criticism

'GOLLY, WHAT A PAPER!'—To the Editor of *The Scots Observer*: SIR,—Permit me to direct your attention to what I have transcribed—textually transcribed—in parallel columns:

'It had a name like one of those spots that Uncle Joseph used to hold forth at, and it was all full of the most awful swipes about poetry and the use of the globes. It was the kind of thing that nobody could read out of a lunatic asylum. *The Athenæum*—that was the name! Golly, what a paper!' *Athenæum*, you mean,' said Morris. 'I don't care what you call it,' said John, 'so as I don't require to take it in. There, I feel better!'—'The Wrong Box,' by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne.

'The Wrong Box' . . . will try the faith of his most ardent admirers. . . . It passes into mere rattling nonsense. If there are readers who can get through more than a quarter of the small volume and find it amusing they must be wondered at and not envied. . . . To have aided in the production of a book three-fourths of which consist of tedious levity is, indeed, not a thing to be proud of. . . . The very poor stuff. . . . Those to whom the jocularity of the lower order of comic papers is the flower of humor may fairly be astonished at the sustained power in that style displayed in 'The Wrong Box.'—*The Athenæum*.

I am greatly exercised by these judgments, and should be obliged by your telling me if in your opinion there is any connection between them. I am, etc., INGENUOUS READER. [Note.—The coincidence is certainly remarkable, but the good faith of our esteemed contemporary is beyond question.]—*The Scots Observer*.

THE REFINING INFLUENCE OF TIME.—Sitting once at a dinner-party in England, beside one of those rather pretty young ladies who are by no means a monopoly of our own country, I was asked various questions about our works and ways. Having been led, perhaps, into some phrase of modest national self-satisfaction—for even the bruised American will sometimes turn—she said, with abrupt surprise, 'But you don't mean to say that you like being an American, do you?' When I replied, with unflinching assurance, that this was precisely what I most liked, she said, honestly, 'I give you my word that the thought never before occurred to me that people liked being Americans; I supposed that they were Americans because they could not help it.' Upon which I made no scruple in

admitting to her that we had undoubtedly that reason also. It would appear that Mr. Ruskin had some such impression in his mind when he was kind enough to admit, in his 'Præterita,' that our fellow countryman, Professor Charles E. Norton, would be recognized as a gentleman by 'the highest-born and best-bred of every land.' No doubt the young lady who questioned me would hold that, by virtue of being an Englishman merely, Mr. Ruskin is fully qualified to speak for those classes to an American; although in respect to birth he is stated in the biographies to be the son of a successful liquor-dealer and a rural inn-keeper's daughter, while in respect to breeding, he uses the vulgar and offensive word 'nigger' in this very passage. The curious thing is that the whole remark appears to be but a new version of one which was currently attributed to the same source, on the same subject, twenty years ago. The story then ran that Mr. Ruskin, having on one occasion pronounced all Americans to be peasants, was met by some one with the inquiry, 'What, then, do you say of your friend Mr. Norton?' 'He,' retorted Ruskin, 'is a cultivated peasant.' If, then, the experience of twenty years is enough to develop Mr. Norton, in Mr. Ruskin's estimate, from a peasant into a gentleman, who knows but a few years more, if Mr. Ruskin keeps good company, may cure even him of saying 'nigger.'—*Col. T. W. Higginson, in Harper's Bazar*.

Notes

A LARGE number of letters and telegrams of congratulation were received by Lord Tennyson on his eightieth birthday (Aug. 6). On the previous day he had a visit from his friend of nearly fifty years, Mr. Aubrey de Vere, who, though younger than the Laureate, is, poetically speaking, a link between him and the Lake School. It was Mr. De Vere who repeated to Mr. Wordsworth by his own fireside 'Of old sat Freedom on the heights,' and obtained from him the admission that its thought was 'noble and solid' and its diction 'stately.'

—*The North American Review* for September will contain Gen. Bryce's formal notification that he has become the proprietor of the magazine, from which we infer that he has bought the interest that remained undisposed of when fifty-one one-hundredths of the stock were bequeathed to him by Mr. Rice. The new owner will adhere to the lines marked out by his predecessor,

—J. B. Lippincott Co. have in press Samuel Lover's 'The Low-Back'd Car,' with designs by William Magrath, in photogravure from copper plates; Tennyson's 'The Miller's Daughter,' with designs by E. H. Garrett, H. Fenn, and others; Dr. John Brown's 'Rab and his Friends,' with designs by Mr. Garrett and Hermann Simon; and 'Legend Laymone,' a poem by M. B. M. Toland, with designs by Hamilton Gibson, Church, Mowbray, and others. They announce also 'Cycling Art, Energy, and Locomotion,' by Robert P. Scott, with illustrations; Pierre Paris's 'Manual of Ancient Sculpture,' edited and augmented by Jane E. Harrison, with 200 illustrations; 'Extracts from the Journal of Elizabeth Drinker,' edited by Henry D. Biddle; 'Half-Hours with Humorous Authors,' selected by Charles Morris; 'Justice and Jurisprudence,' an anonymous inquiry concerning the Constitutional limitations of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments; 'A Treatise on the Nature, Causes, Treatment, and Prevention of Crime,' by S. M. Green; 'Involuntary Idleness,' by Hugo Bilgram; 'Two Thousand Years After,' by John Darby; and the following novels: 'Gold that Did Not Glitter,' by Virginus Dabney; 'A Nameless Wrestler,' by Josephine W. Bates; and 'Rudderless,' by Julia D. Young. The same firm publish Smith, Elder & Co.'s new edition of Thackeray's works in twenty-six volumes. Besides most of the small woodcuts in former editions there are many new illustrations by modern English artists—Fildes, Du Maurier, Mrs. Butler, Frank Dicksee, Barnard, Furniss, Lindley Sambourne, and others, making 1,773 pictures in all.

—Howard Pyle will begin a new series of fairy-tales, illustrated by himself, in *Harper's Young People* issued Aug. 27. The first is entitled 'That Which is Done Never Dies.' Perhaps the greatest commercial problem which confronts New York is that involved in perfecting terminal and shipping facilities. In *Harper's Weekly* published Aug. 28, G. T. Ferris describes the present and some proposed terminal facilities of 'the port where the products of the continent meet the tonnage of the world.' The article is profusely illustrated. The New York Yacht Club's new club-house at Newport will be illustrated in the same number.

—D. Appleton & Co.'s 'First Book in American History,' prepared by Dr. Edward Eggleston, is composed of biographical sketches of men eminent in history, so arranged as to form a continuous story. They also promise 'Recollections of the Court of the Tuileries' under the Third Empire, by Mme. Carette. The

'Class Book of Chemistry,' by the late Prof. E. L. Youmans, will be issued this fall in an edition revised by the author's brother, Dr. W. J. Youmans. A text-book now ready is 'European Schools,' a report by L. R. Klemm, addressed to teachers, not scholars. He gives his impressions of the schools of Germany, France, Austria, and Switzerland during a journey in Europe occupying ten months. The volume is No. 12 in the International Education Series. No. 10 is 'How to Study Geography,' by Francis W. Parker, and No. 11 is 'Education in the United States,' by Richard G. Boone of Indiana University.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have been awarded a gold medal for the excellence of their display at the Paris Exposition. Their new edition of 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table' is to have an engraved title-page, and is expected to be especially attractive in printing, press-work, and binding.

—Lieut. W. W. Kimball, U. S. N., United States Inspector of Ordnance, will describe, in an illustrated article in the September *Scribner's*, the various types of magazine rifles which have been adopted by the leading European armies; Andrew Lang will contribute an enthusiastic exposition of the romances of Dumas; Harold Frederick will begin a new serial—an exciting romance of the Mohawk Valley, in the days of the French and Indian wars and the Revolution, with illustrations by Howard Pyle; and H. G. Prout's article on 'Safety in Railway Travel' will be the twelfth and last in the very successful Railroad Series. Mr. Stevenson's serial, 'The Master of Ballantrae,' will be concluded in the October issue.

—Woodrow Wilson's 'The State: or Elements of Historical and Practical Politics,' which will be issued at once by D. C. Heath & Co., will be followed next year by 'The American State: Elements of Historical and Practical Politics in the United States,' a text-book for grammar and high schools.

—Mr. Clark Russell has been commissioned by G. P. Putnam's Sons to write a Life of Lord Nelson.

—M. Edmond de Pressensé, the eminent Protestant divine and pulpit orator, outlines in the September *Harper's* the religious movement in France at the present time. Of French Catholicism he says that it 'remains a great force in spite of the noisy manifestations of contemporary atheism.' Bishop Hurst, at the same time, gives an account of 'the oldest and smallest sect in the world,' a body of Samaritans, numbering about 150 souls, to be found in the heart of the small city of Mablus, Palestine.

—The Bedford Edition of Shakespeare is announced by Frederick Warne & Co.—a red-line, pocket edition, in which all the plays and poems, a memoir and a glossary are comprised in a dozen volumes measuring 3½ by 5 inches each. Notwithstanding the diminutive size of the page, the type is fairly large.

—Prof. John A. Paine, who wrote of 'Pharaoh the Oppressor, and His Daughter' in *The Century* two years ago, contributes to the September number of that magazine an illustrated paper on 'The Pharaoh of the Exodus, and His Son.'

—Dr. M. L. Holbrook sends us this anecdote in relation to Hudson Tuttle's 'Studies in the Outlying Fields of Psychic Science,' published by M. L. Holbrook & Co.:

Before publishing the work, Mr. Tuttle asked his friends, who were willing to do so, to subscribe for copies in advance. Among others who did so, were two European noblemen. When the book was published and sent to its subscribers, one of these noblemen sent Mr. Tuttle, instead of the price of the book, a hundred pound Bank of England note. It came in a letter without any sign by whom it was sent, and Mr. Tuttle only knows it is from one of these noblemen.

—A medal has been deservedly awarded to Johns Hopkins University at the Paris Exposition for its various publications in science, history, and other fields of research.

—'Popular Poets of the Period' is the title of a volume about to be published by Griffith, Farran & Co. of London. It will contain biographical and critical articles on living English poets of repute, and selections from their works. Among those who have written articles are Dr. A. H. Japp, Mr. Cartwright Newsam, Mr. John Underhill and Mr. Mackenzie Bell, who has also written an introductory essay on 'Some Aspects of Contemporary Poetry.'

—It is announced that 'some Boston literary and newspaper men will bring out a new paper early in the fall,' which 'will be unlike any other paper published, and will be backed heavily with capital.'

—Sir Morell Mackenzie has decided, it is said, to set apart a portion of his autumn holiday for the preparation of a work to be entitled 'Six Months' Residence at the Court of the Crown Prince and the German Emperor,' but not to be published during the lifetime of the Empress Frederick. Sir Morell took notes of every conversation in which he took part or at which he was present.

—Geo. Philip & Son of London announce a series of the World's Great Explorers ('John Franklin and the North-West Passage,' by Captain Markham, R.N.; 'Saussure and the Alps,' by Mr. Douglas Freshfield; 'Livingstone and Central Africa,' by Mr. H. H. Johnston, etc.); and Mr. Fisher Unwin follows up this announcement with that of an Adventure Series, which will deal both with the lives of men and women who have been remarkable as individuals for adventurous careers, and with the narratives of those who, banded together, have passed through danger and difficulty. Among the earlier volumes will be Trelawny's 'Adventures of a Younger Son,' 'Adventurous Women,' 'Escapes from Captivity,' 'Remarkable Buccaneers,' 'The Adventures of Foreigners in Britain,' 'The Moravian Missionaries,' 'The Jesuits in the Far East,' 'Irish Adventures,' and 'Adventurous Scotchmen.'

—Thomas Brown & Co. of Boston issue 'The Academic Algebra,' by William F. Bradbury, Headmaster of the Cambridge (Mass.) Latin School, and Grenville C. Emery, Master in the Boston Latin School.

—Mr. S. S. McClure's syndicate, which is now called the Associated Literary Press, makes some most attractive and astonishing announcements for the near future. It has already been related that Mrs. Burnett was to edit a youth's department, but it is now announced that Lord Tennyson will contribute a lyrical poem written expressly for it, that Lord Wolseley has consented to write on the subject of his campaigns, that Bret Harte will contribute a story of the plains, that Andrew Lang will write on reading for boys and girls, that Hubert Herkomer will tell how a portrait is painted, that Max Müller will write on subjects connected with his special field of knowledge, that Miss Helen Gladstone, Vice-Principal of Newnham College, will tell the history and aims of that seat of learning, that ex-Minister Phelps will discuss the law as a profession, that Edmund Gosse will write on subjects of literary interest, and that Mrs. Burnett herself will contribute a serial story to the department. A serial novel by Bret Harte, a serial novel of the time of Christ by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, and R. L. Stevenson's Letters from the South Seas will be the salient features of Mr. McClure's regular newspaper series. Mr. Gosse has taken charge of the literary part of the Press business in England.

—Literary Landmarks: A Guide to Good Reading for Young People, and Teachers' Assistant, by Mary E. Burt, teacher of literature in the Cook County Normal School, Englewood, Ill., will soon be issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

—The *Commercial Advertiser*, 'the oldest newspaper of New York City,' will appear on and after Sept 3 in a new form and at a reduced price—six to twelve small pages at two cents, instead of four to six large ones at three cents. Every reader will welcome the double change. The *Commercial* is a particularly public-spirited paper, and manifests a keen interest in matters relating to literature, music and the fine arts, as well as to politics and commerce. Its zealous advocacy of the Washington Memorial Arch idea is but one illustration among many of its solicitude for the higher interests of the city.

—Mr. J. H. Thiry of Long Island City has prepared a memoir (in French) on School Savings-Banks in the United States, to be read at the third quinquennial session, opening in Paris on Sept. 2, of the permanent association of the Congrès Universel des Institutions de Prévoyance.

—Ina D. Coolbrith, the California poet, has been the Librarian of the Free Library of Oakland since 1874. Her life is said to have been a rare example of unceasing and heroic self-sacrifice for the sake of those who have been dependent upon her. Charles Warren Stoddard, describing Miss Coolbrith in *The Magazine of Poetry* as she appeared in her early youth, says that she might easily have been mistaken for a daughter of Spain. 'The dark eyes, the luxuriant dark hair, the pure olive skin flushed with the ripe glow of the pomegranates; even the rich contralto voice, the mellifluous tongue and the well-worn guitar were hers—everything, in fact, save only the stiletto and the cigarette.'

—The London *Bookseller* is referring to the United States exhibit at the Paris Exposition when it pays its New York contemporary this deserved compliment:—'For bibliography and general helpfulness to booksellers and librarians, there can be no doubt that *The Publishers' Weekly Office* claims the first place.'

—The *Spectator*, reviewing the last volume of Bigelow's edition of Franklin's Works, observes:

Washington stands out with Franklin as one of the two great heroes of the birth-throes of the United States. The former was not a soldier of the first order, and it is permissible for Englishmen to believe that had Clive lived, he would effectually, not to say easily, have prevented Washington from becoming the savior of his country. But the Independence of America—it is easy to see now—was sooner or later inevitable, and

Englishmen as well as Americans have reason to be grateful that it was won so well and so early. But putting Washington's military genius out of the question, and remembering even that strange ungeniality of his which made his own officers shirk his society, there is abundant evidence that 'the Cincinnatus of the West,' as Byron affectedly called him, was a born ruler of men.

—Elias Loomis, LL.D., Munson Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy at Yale, whose death was announced on the 15th inst., was born in Tolland County, Conn., August 18th, and graduated at Yale in 1830. He was the first American who saw Halley's comet at its return in 1835. He published numerous scientific works, including text-books on mathematics, astronomy and natural philosophy, and has been an active contributor to periodicals.

—This is the last week of the Assembly at Chautauqua. Last Saturday Mr. George W. Cable delivered a lecture on the South. It is said that his extensive travels as a reader and lecturer have inspired him to plan a novel which shall be national rather than local or sectional in character.

—In a recent lecture on 'Genius in Women,' delivered at Mont-eagle, Tenn., Maurice Thompson said:

There is not an intelligent soul in the South to-day that does not feel the singular power of womanly sentiment and imagination in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' no matter what may be the prejudice against the book. I say to you that no man could have written that romance. It was the appeal of woman to man, and what an appeal! The book was not true to Southern life, it was a romance out of the whole cloth; it showed that Mrs. Stowe did not know Southern society, black or white, but it embodied a woman's articulate cry for the freedom of a race, and it startled the world with its accent, its volume and its distinct womanly quality.

—Prof. C. G. D. Roberts, the Canadian *littérateur*, finds 'the touch of the master, potent and lasting,' in Edgar Fawcett's poem 'Maidenhair.' In his verse as a whole he detects 'that quality transcending talent, the individual and incommunicable quality of genius.'

—Sir Richard Owen has had \$1000 a year on England's civil pension list since 1842, and Lord Tennyson the same since 1845. The widow of Kitto, the Biblical encyclopædist, gets \$250, and the widow of Haydn (of the 'Dictionary of Dates') \$500. The daughter of Douglas Jerrold gets \$250. Mr. Gerald Massey, because he is 'a lyric poet sprung from the people,' gets \$500 a year; the same sum is awarded to Mr. William Allingham, Mrs. Oliphant, Mr. Robert Buchanan, the widow of George Cattermole, and the Rev. Dr. George MacDonald. Faraday's niece gets \$750, Mr. Tupper \$600, the widow of Charles Kingsley \$1,000, two ladies directly descended from Defoe \$375 each, the widow of Richard A. Proctor \$500, the sister of Keats \$400, Mr. Philip James Bailey \$500, and the daughter of Nelson's adopted daughter \$1,500.

—All the capital has been subscribed for a new weekly which Mr. Wemyss Reid intends to edit when he has finished his biography of Lord Houghton. The journal will in some degree be modelled upon the New York *Nation*. Prof. Bryce and Mr. Morley have given advice as to the literary part of the paper.

—A Birmingham paper says that the appearance of Mr. John Shorthouse, author of 'John Inglesant,' is revolutionized by the completed growth and careful training of the short cut beard and whiskers which adorn the familiar face in lieu of the whilom Dundreary whiskers. Walking rapidly with a huge smile on the contented face, smoking a cigarette, and seemingly at peace with all the world, 'the celebrated author looked the picture of one revolving in his mind's eye the comedy chapter of some novel which the whole reading world shall enjoy.'

—An anecdote of Dickens is related in *The Athenæum* which attests anew his great kindness of heart. An old servant, supposed to be faithful as he had been long in the novelist's service, robbed him of about \$350 to cover some betting losses, and Dickens, instead of letting him go to jail, or retaining him on a promise not to repeat the offence, retired him on a pension of about \$300 a year.

—Mr. Theodore Stanton includes these bits of gossip about literary Americans abroad in a Paris letter to the Boston *Transcript*:

Our late Consul General at Rome, Mr. W. L. Alden, whom I recently met, is not only an excellent consular officer but a clever and witty journalist, as the New York press well knows. He ought to have been kept at the Italian capital, if only because of his warm sympathy for Italy. 'I am delighted with Italy and the Italians,' he said to me the other afternoon; 'and I think I should always like to live among them. I know their beautiful language, like their customs, and never weary of the picturesque scenery of their towns, coasts and country.' . . . At Mrs. Sherwood's I met Mr. William Henry Bishop, the novelist, who has also recently been 'doing' Spain, and who, after spending several months in this city, has just left us, not for home, how-

ever, but to join that large band of American 'exiles' who reside permanently on this side of 'the pond.' 'We are about to start,' he said to me, 'in the direction of our new home, Villa Biancheri, at Villefranche, near Nice. We shall be a couple of weeks on the way, going to Chambery, then to Turin, and thence over the Maritime Alps by diligence to Nice. Should it prove too hot at Villefranche, though it is down in the list of summer resorts, we shall go back to Switzerland again. We have a pleasant house, with a terrace, on the Corniche road.'

—Spielhagen has written a novel, 'The New Pharaoh,' in which he depicts the heartlessness and libertinism of bureaucrats in modern Germany. One of the characters is an American girl who sacrifices her virtue for the love of a selfish, impudent young German, and horsewhips him only when his real character appears. Conservative papers interpret the novel as an attack on Bismarckian rule.

—Miss Woolson's 'Jupiter Lights' will be concluded in the September *Harper's*. Features of the number to which we have not hitherto called attention are Mr. Curtis's tribute to the late John Gilbert, Mr. Howells's friendly controversy with William Sharp in regard to the latter's belief that 'there is a romantic revival imminent in our poetic literature,' and Caran d'Ache's series of humorous sketches, entitled 'The Colonel's Dog.'

—Mr. E. H. Sothorn began a season of ten weeks or so at the Lyceum Theatre on Tuesday evening, the opening piece, which will probably not be changed, being 'Lord Chumley.' It cannot be said in this case that 'the play's the thing': it is the art and personality of Mr. Sothorn that keep the house contentedly amused for three hours at a stretch, on even as hot a night as Tuesday.

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

ANSWERS

1465.—'The Gentle Life' is by James Hain Friswell, a London barrister, editor of a popular English periodical. Other works from his pen are 'About in the World,' 'The Silent Hour,' 'A Man's Thoughts,' 'Other People's Windows,' 'On English Writers,' 'Modern Men-of-Letters,' and 'Life Portraits of William Shakespeare.'

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

W. D. A.

1471.—7. The expression is either inexactly quoted from or suggested by a passage in Chap. IV. of Book V. of Bacon's 'De Augmentis Scientiarum.' It may be found on pp. 292-5 of Vol. 8 of Pickering's edition of Bacon's works, London, 1827. 8. Walter Savage Landor?

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

W. D. A.

1482.—1. The lines were written by Herrick, and constitute the last stanza of 'To Keep a True Lent.' See the 'Pious Pieces' of his 'Hesperides,' Vol. 2, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1880.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, TAUNTON, MASS.

E. C. A.

1482.—1. It is from Herrick's volume called 'Noble Numbers,' 4. III. From Emerson's 'Fable.'

ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

L. C. D.

1482.—4. I. From 'The Old year and the New,' by Charlotte Fiske Bates. The fourth and concluding line reads:

The golden was doth line the silver is.

NEW YORK CITY.

F. P. W.

[Answers come also from 'M. C. B.' of New York and 'J. C.' of Henderson, Ky.]

Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

- Avery, A. B., and Finch, J. E. King's Daughters' Diary. Phila.: Christopher Sower Co.
Bates, Josephine W. A Nameless Wrestler. soc. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Bernhardt, W. Im Zwielficht. -elections from R. Baumbach. 75c. Boston: C. Schoenhof.
Bradbury, W. F., and Emery, G. C. The Academic Algebra. Boston: Thompson, Brown & Co.
Furey, F. T. Exposition of Constitution of U. S. of America. Catholic Pub. Society Co.
Great Words from Great Americans G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Phyfe, W. H. P. Seven Thousand Words Often Mispronounced. \$1.25 G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Platt, W. H. Is Religion Dying: A Symposium. Washington: W. H. Morrison.
Puck's Library, No. XXVI. Fly Time. 10c. Keppler & Schwarzmann.
Richards, John. Manual of Machine Construction. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Smith, M. C., and Winn, S. C. Around the World with the Poets. 25c. Boston: C. H. Kilbom.
Thiry, J. H. Les Caisses d'Epargne Scolaires aux Etats-Unis d'Amérique. Long Island City: The author.
Welsh, J. P. Practical English Grammar. Phila.: Christopher Sower Co.
Zschöke, Heinrich. Tales. (Knickerbocker Nuggets). G. P. Putnam's Sons.